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ON THE ELEANOR CROSS AT WALTHAM.

In peace thou standest, 'midst the airs of morn
When green leaves rustle in the misty breeze
And sigh for very joy of being born :
But thou art mute and still, and not as these
That whisper of the life and light of love,—
These that but faintly know of that Sun's fire
Which ne'er can die save worlds and stars be lost ;
Thou standest here a dumb remembrancer
Of his great love, who made the rough rock move
To graceful form,—unchanged by flame or frost.

His Queen's fair body lay in very death
Upon the bier which rested in thy place,
While loyal folk stood by with waiting breath,
And gazed in pity on the dear dead face ;
With cloth of Raynes, and leopards' heads of gold
Wrought in the far-brought silk of purple hue,
With ostrich plumes a-silvered on her shroud,
She lay all motionless and icy cold ;
And England wept with lamentation loud
That came no quieter as long days grew.

* * * * *

The works of heart and love live evermore,
Though life—as mortals count—be passed beyond
The sea, and men must alway leave the shore
Of these green isles when with his ivory wand
The Angel points, and calls to mansions new,
Unseen, but builded in the starry land—
All song and joy and praise to Him the High :
And here the brilliant sun sweeps yet a few
More shades around the dial, and the sand
Still slips away as Heaven draws more nigh.

—Robert Bachman, Jr.

THE CARLYLE IN "TEUFELSDRÖCKH."

The very recent revival of general discussion upon Carlyle's life and works may attach some slight interest to a subject in this connection, though it be one rarely reviewed. More probably so when we consider that Sartor Resartus is, if not the greatest, at least the most interesting of Carlyle's works ; and that, in accordance with Ruskin's idea of the "book for all time," it is the epitome of that which the great man thought and felt.

Sartor is clearly autobiographical ; most plainly so in the second book. For, although Carlyle says that "nothing in Sartor is fact but the one incident in Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer," relating to his conversion, yet such close similarity in careers leads one to place more credence in his other statement, that "Teufelsdröckh's biography is suspected of containing only a hieroglyphical truth" and "is not to be trusted in detail." In Teufelsdröckh himself, we see Carlyle, somewhat modified and somewhat idealized ; in Teufelsdröckh's life, we discern a composite of incidents in the first half of Carlyle's. Considering the life and the histories of both, we notice particularly the points of

resemblance in their childhood and education, their respective romances and periods of doubt.

Teufelsdröckh's advent so beautifully described, is surrounded by a veil of mystery; but life from the very beginning is a mystery. Andreas the foster father compares most accurately with James Carlyle in his strictness, earnestness, gift of narrative, and, in fact, in every respect save that James Carlyle had been no soldier. Gretchen is the same loving mother that Margaret Carlyle was, continually aiding her son, while she lives, and gaining many loving words by her sympathy and self-sacrifice. Andreas and Gretchen were of "obscure extraction," and they were childless when Teufelsdröckh arrived—circumstances of Carlyle's own parents. However, these god-parents soon vanish from Teufelsdröckh's life in a way which leads one to believe them almost purely imaginary.

In childhood, both Teufelsdröckh and Carlyle were shy, quiet, tearful, sensitive, exceedingly curious and serious, while each loved solitude and nature. Teufelsdröckh's romantic desire to view sunset and scenery, his interest in cattle and his impressions of the post-wagon illustrate features of Carlyle's character, while Carlyle's first suit of yellow serge is made historic by its relation to the clothes philosophy.

The still unappreciative Ecclefechan, with its unexplained charm, is perpetuated in Entepfuhl; "the little Kuhback, gushing kindly by," is the burn that ran in front of the house in which Carlyle was born; while the beech-rows and the "brave old Linden" are the same that touched so poetic a vein in Carlyle's soul. Such an influence had this little village upon Carlyle's writings that some one says Sartor cannot be appreciated unless the reader has first visited Ecclefechan. So Teufelsdröckh and Carlyle, alike, nurtured their imaginative and philosophic natures throughout childhood, in an odd and quiet village, thus made doubly important in this autobiography.

Both possessed natural curiosity to an uncommon degree. For this reason their education, from youth up, was largely the result of keen observation. Each having been taught reading by his mother and arithmetic by his father, was packed off to school at five. At school, each was bullied and poorly taught. Carlyle quite accurately portrays and frankly discusses in *Sartor* this part of his history.

Annan Academy is represented under the name of Hinterschlag Gymnasium, probably on account of the diligent use of the rod by the old schoolmaster, Adam Hope, "a down-bent, broken-hearted under-foot martyr." The description of Teufelsdröckh entering Hinterschlag upon that "ruddy Whitsuntide morn, full of hope, though sorrowful because the kind beech rows of Entepfuhl were hidden in the distance," is a true word-painting of Carlyle entering Annan. But the bright entrance was not a true forecast of later relations. For, owing to a peculiar disposition, often characteristic of genius, Teufelsdröckh, as Carlyle, was the butt for every trick of his schoolfellows, at the same time learning little from his teachers, who are described as "hide-bound pedants, without knowledge of man's nature or of boy's."

Teufelsdröckh next appears at the "Nameless University," which represents the University of Edinburgh. The good Gretchen, in spite of advices from relatives, has sent him hither. Just so did Carlyle's father do, following the dictates of his own judgment, when he discovered the genius of his son. Here likewise he continues unpopular. Of his relations to his fellow students, Carlyle himself says, "that in *Sartor* of the worm trodden on and proving a torpedo, is not wholly a fable. From my fellow creatures, little or nothing but vinegar was my reception—my own blame, mainly, so proud, shy, poor, at once so insignificant looking and so grim and sor-

rowful." And, here again, Teufelsdröckh bursts forth in railing criticism upon the method of instruction. Later, however, Carlyle showed vastly more affection for his alma mater.

Remembering this general dissatisfaction—the account of which is "true but not half the truth"—we can the more easily understand Teufelsdröckh when he considers his school education hardly worthy of notice. But that great factor of Carlyle's extensive knowledge, his omnivorous appetite for books, is here shown. For during his school life Teufelsdröckh reads everything, and as a result seems already to be "attracting the attention of some." Amid the troubles of school life, each finds one true friend, Teufelsdröckh his Towgood and Carlyle his Irving. Although originally destined for the ministry, each studies law after leaving the university and each gives it up in disgust to teach private pupils and subsist "by the faculty of translation."

Carlyle had his love experiences, though they were neither so numerous nor so varied as those of his favourite, Goethe. And, in Sartor, he proves himself a master at interpreting their influence, most vividly painting the almost inexpressible power and effect of aroused emotions. But to which one of his love experiences is the honour of immortality? All are made historic by the very discussion of this question.

Froude says Blumine is Margaret Gordon; Leach, that she is Jane Baillie Welsh; while later articles advance the claims of Catharine Kirkpatrick. Surely, the *personae* of the story are most satisfactorily furnished by Miss Kirkpatrick and her relatives. Waldschloss is true to the description of Shooter's Hill, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Buller, and the one-time home of Miss Kirkpatrick, and the name Blumine may naturally have been suggested by Miss Kirkpatrick's love for the rose gardens which

so mark this beautiful place. Again, Miss Kirkpatrick possesses, on account of her Persian descent, the true oriental beauty of which Teufelsdröckh speaks so highly, and Mr. Buller is recognized in the humorous Latin epitaph. But on the other hand, Sartor was written shortly after Carlyle's marriage, and a man of Carlyle's nature is not likely to mar the pleasure of his honeymoon by recollections and repinings over a lost love; consequently Miss Welsh's resemblance to Blumine is proposed not without foundation. And again, whatever may have been his feelings toward the others, certainly they were very tender toward Miss Gordon. In his letters much is revealed about her and, in part, Blumine resembles her. Moreover, Miss Gordon, as Blumine, marries one who afterward becomes "governor of Nova Scotia." And so she must have been the fair occupant of the "barouche-and-four" which rolled gayly down the mountain side.

Each of these characters bears some striking resemblance to Blumine, yet none of the three is her complete likeness; and Teufelsdröckh's romance is distinctly a composite which fulfilled Carlyle's desire and need. But Miss Gordon, on account of her well-authenticated relations with Carlyle, at a time corresponding to the time of the romance in Sartor, best deserves the immortality of Blumine.

The marked course of Teufelsdröckh's period of doubt, that

"bastard of a line

Half sprung from hell and half divine,"

is a most important revelation of Carlyle's inner life. Evidences of it show themselves even in Teufelsdröckh's childhood. Rapidly does this doubt increase,—from the time of his university life when, irritated by fellow students and amid "discouragements, entanglements, aberrations and pecuniary distresses" he becomes nearly mad in

his ravings, observing no regularity for sleep or food, until he adds to mental perplexity a new plague, bodily disease. While gathering steadily as if it were destined to burst upon him with a final and overwhelming violence, the black cloud is suddenly broken by the heavenly sunshine of a Blumine and the weary soul finds a respite in the arms of love. But, alas, rejection doubles the tempest until the river of woe overflows at the knowledge of a lost love won by another; and the philosopher sinks "to spell-bound sleep under the night-mare unbelief."

In the three chapters, "The Everlasting No," "The Centre of Indifference" and "The Everlasting Yea," which may be said to represent dark, dawn and day, we see a human soul pleading its own cause before a "jury of Immortals." Carlyle's mad ravings of mind are given the form of Teufelsdröckh's aimless wanderings over the world, first as a "spectre," then as a "spectre-fighting Man" and finally finding peace as a "spectre queller." And Teufelsdröckh's victory shows Carlyle at his best. The one led by the revelation of Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer, the other by that of Leith Walk, each fights himself manfully and at last awakens to the everlasting truth. However, neither accepts the creed of any particular sect, but both believe most firmly in a "personal God,"—as Carlyle decisively affirms in a letter to Sterling.

Thus Teufelsdröckh lives over (though it may be in an inexact manner,) all the important incidents in the first thirty years of Carlyle's life. But it is noticed that the philosopher is, in a great many ways, unlike and even greater than the man of letters. And the fact that Teufelsdröckh was a professor at Weissnichtwo is worthy of notice, for we find that Carlyle, at the time of writing Sartor, desired nothing more than a chair in some large university.

Teufelsdröckh does more than agree with Carlyle in the continuous events of his outer life; from him we

learn the inner Carlyle's nature, character, and depth of reason, together with the course of every thoughtful mind in the progress of development—facing the problems of the soul.

The story of Teufelsdröckh's life is not completed. It is gradually lost in the more direct discussion of the clothes philosophy; and we find ourselves strongly impressed with the fact that the autobiographical element gains for Sartor Resartus the interest and sympathy of the world. What would otherwise be a charmless mass of weighty arguments by obscure characters becomes a plain life-lesson to every one. The charm of Entepfuhl and the romance of Blumine will ever carry the deeper thoughts of Carlyle into minds to which serious thoughts alone would never appeal.

—Herbert Zeigler Giffin.

A DAUGHTER OF THE FAR SOUTH.

Down on the banks of the river a group of engineers were cursing the luck that had brought them on such a wild-goose chase. Eighteen months ago they had left New York bringing with them a curiously constructed little steamboat which was to absorb diamonds from the oozing river-bed of the Tibaji. The river Tibaji was a long cry from New York and it had taken months of toil to drag the little diamond monster from the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, up through the Paraná and between the banks of the Tibaji to the little town which nestled some distance back from the river among stately palms and the softly waving leaves of banana trees.

They thought they had good reason to curse. The

"Diamond Eater," as they had dubbed the little vessel of which so much was expected, had failed to realize one atom of their hopes.

There she hung, lazily tugging at her anchor, the picture of clumsiness and fallen pride. The same lines that had called forth indulgent admiration when she was the centre of hope now subjected her to the most pointed and cutting ridicule.

The dark faces of men who had haunted the banks of the Tibaji for years had grown darker when the "Diamond Eater" had first pushed her snub nose up the river but now their lips curled at mention of the name and a look of relief passed over their faces as they went back to their ceaseless pan-wielding.

The engineers looked long at the useless hulk, so out of keeping with the quiet and lack of civilization. The gaudy red and white of her heavy sides jarred sadly on their discouraged feelings and broke the rich harmony of the tropical foliage that darkened the opposite bank. The verdict was passed. The "Diamond Eater" would never leave the upper waters of the Paraná. They turned and stepped on the clumsy river craft which was to bear them and their chattels back to the border of civilization. That is, all but one of them. He was a boyish young fellow and every one of the homeward-bound party appeared his senior by years. The engineers looked troubled as they each bade him good-bye but they were men bred to independence and reticence and they forbore the remonstrance which among other men would have been inevitable.

The boat slowly slipped from the clay bank out into the dark current and the long heavy sweeps sent it gliding down the river. The engineers were grouped in the stern, each taking solace in his pipe and watching with half closed eyes the fast disappearing spot of red and white

paint, marked here and there and there by the glint of bright metal.

Henry Fairfax stood on the bank where his mates had left him but his eyes were not fixed on the "Diamond Eater." They were turned down the river to the little boat that was steering for home and all that home meant. For a moment regret seized upon the boy but as a graceful bend of the river gently hid the scow from sight he passed his hand over his brow, brushed his hair back and laughed gaily. It does not take long to throw off the slight touch of homesickness when one is young and in love. He walked slowly up to the village and down the single street between the two low rows of red tiled houses.

Everything was silent save a vindictive monkey that was chattering and grimacing on the top of his pole in a back yard.

Fairfax walked to the apology for an hotel at which he was lodging and after ordering his pony to be in readiness by the cool of the afternoon, sought the quiet of his darkened room. Here he threw himself on the bed and thought.

It seemed to him as though the last few months had been a dream. He thought of the day when a newly fledged engineer, he had left a substantial home; and it seemed ages ago. He recalled the pleasant incidents of the long sail from New York through the West Indies and along the South American coast and the toil of the trip up from the mouth of the Plata.

All this had interested him in his engineering work and was gradually drawing him into a closer fellowship with his mates. Then one day in the cool of the short twilight a young girl riding with an old gentleman had stopped for a moment before the inn and the girl had glanced up at the window where Fairfax was sitting. The couple immediately attracted him. What he saw was a

young woman with a graceful figure well poised and well dressed, which was the more extraordinary, and a face that could not be read in one look. One of those faces alive with expression that has always some new attraction and surprise with which to bewilder the observer.

The old gentleman who rode with her had perfectly white hair that fell back on his fine shoulders, a silky beard, and deep-set, dark eyes. He sat his small horse as if he had grown to be a part of him and his supple body responded to every movement of the restless animal.

A moment later Fairfax could see nothing of the strangers but a fast receding cloud of dust.

Did the landlord know who the visitors were? Oh, yes. All the country side knew the Barão Miguel de Cordera. It was very easy to find the way to his *fazenda* and a good horse could cover the distance in about an hour.

Not long after this incident Fairfax had ridden along the river aimlessly, to all appearance, but really with a well defined purpose. Some miles below the anchorage of the "Diamond Eater" he struck a broad trail running down to the river and recognized it as a ford of which he had recently informed himself. With some difficulty he crossed and soon found a private roadway which ran diagonally away from the river. He followed this for a little distance through a heavy wood and then came suddenly upon the open. The view before him was a beautiful one. Immediately in front was an orange orchard laden with its rich burden of fruit and blossom, and a little to the left, half veiled by some beautiful almond trees, stood a rambling old mansion of the first days of the empire, surrounded by its court of slave houses now crumbling and moss-grown from disuse.

Beyond and to the left of the stately old house he caught a glimpse of the silent river which by a sweeping turn formed the promontory on which the buildings stood.

A setting sun cast an unusual soft light over the whole, and the silence of the wilderness lent its enchantment to the scene. He could *feel* that there was no other dwelling for miles around. He rode slowly past the orange trees up to the great heavy gate and after a little hesitancy loudly clapped his hands. He was not, as yet, familiar with the customs of the country and the sound caused him a moment's embarrassment, so that he was relieved when he saw an old negro coming from the house without further summons. The old fellow said not a word but opening the gate swung it wide as if a question or any delay would cast a reflection on the hospitality of the Fazenda.

Fairfax told him in very poor Portuguese that he was a belated traveler and had lost his way. While he was speaking to the negro the old gentleman whom he had seen some days before in front of the inn, appeared at the large door of the mansion and cordially urged him to dismount.

There was no need of explanation. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to the Baron Miguel that a stranger should claim the shelter of his roof at the evening hour. He ordered the old negro, whom he called Chico, to care for the visitor's horse and then showed Fairfax into a large room, evidently his private lounging room and study, and offered him cigarettes while the young man told the story of how he had ridden aimlessly away from the engineers' camp and had become bewildered among the different trails.

"We gain by your misfortune," politely commented the Baron, speaking in French, which Fairfax had found an easier medium. Then he added, "Come, I will show you to a room. You are tired and dusty from your long ride."

Fairfax had soon refreshed himself and returned to the company of the Baron, who charmed him with his courteous manners. He had expected to find a rather boor-

ish and unrefined country gentleman, but the man before him showed breeding and culture in every act. Where had he learned it all? True, he had belonged to the nobility of the Empire. His title and the respect with which the cow boys and peasants spoke it was proof of that.

The inquisitiveness of the young American might have had the best of him had not a distraction occurred at the moment. It was the sound of hoofs, and a moment later the entrance of Senhorita Lorraine.

The girl stopped with her hand still on the door, surprised at the presence of the stranger. In the moment she stood there Fairfax took in every detail with a discriminating eye; the unconscious pose, the easy lines and the beautiful dark animated face with its inevitable black hair and eyes. The glow of vigour softened delicately by the dark complexion, shone in her cheeks. Small, even teeth showed between slightly parted lips that were more sensitive than strong and which broke into a welcoming smile as the Baron presented the foreigner.

"Senhorita Lorraine, Monsieur Fairfax, who honours our hospitality," he said.

The girl stepped forward and Fairfax inwardly blessed the etiquette of the country that made shaking hands a necessity. This was the first woman he had met in months in whom he did not feel the lack of the essence of womanhood, the conception of her own high estate. The very presence of the girl told him that in some subtle manner this nature was to a great extent free from the circumstance of birth, from the traditions of ages of the southern race.

"Excuse my appearance," she said laughing. "I did not know that my father was entertaining a guest, and guests come so seldom here that one is taken by surprise when they do appear."

The Baron looked at his daughter indulgently. "You are rather late to-night, Lorena; riding in the night air

is dangerous," he said, and turning to Fairfax added, "You know Senhor, the fever rules the land, at this season, while the sun is not up to defy it."

Lorraine rose and excused herself and as she left the room Fairfax followed her with his eyes and his heart. He even felt an impulse to rush after her, but the calm tones of the Baron recalled him.

"Tell me of America, Senhor," he said. "It is long since I have known the world." There was a reminiscent ring in his voice and he seemed to be looking far out beyond the wall in front of him—into the past. But he listened intently as Fairfax told of achievement and advancement and his questions, when he asked them, were intelligent and thoughtful.

"Ah," he said, as a negress announced the evening meal, "the northern world continues its grand march and we follow so slowly!"

They passed into a large dining hall, so large that it gave the small table, set for three, the appearance of an oasis in a diminutive desert.

Lorraine presided at the table and Fairfax took occasion to apologize for his unwarranted intrusion. The daughter looked at her father as though puzzled. The Baron smiled and said, "Senhor it is only when the world is more civilized that the word 'intrusion' is recognized. I pray you make my roof yours as long as it pleases you. It is rarely now that any one relieves my daughter from the monotony of solitude. We are shut off from our own world—or rather what was our world."

Then the old gentleman renewed the conversation which had been interrupted by the call to supper and it was sometime before Fairfax could turn to his hostess.

"The Senhorita enjoys riding?" he asked.

"Indeed yes," she answered. "I live with my pony, who is my only youthful companion. To-day I rode far

out on the "campo" and really helped round the cattle for the big salting. Has Monsieur ever watched a salting?"

"No," answered Fairfax, "but I should like very much to see one."

"Oh, well, they are not very much, these saltings," said the Senhorita, with a pretty shrug, "but sometimes there is a stampede or perhaps a bull-fight. Then it is terrible and grand. We could ride out to-morrow if Monsieur could spare the time and the Baron is disposed."

The Baron said that he would enjoy the ride and it is needless to say that Fairfax could spare the time. It was decided that they should start as soon after "café" the next morning as they could get ready.

"If the sun is bright," interposed the Baron.

The gentlemen then returned to their talk and cigarettes and Fairfax saw no more of the Senhorita that night.

But he was up betimes the next morning and almost the first thing he heard was a fresh young voice out in the court-yard crying, "Tighter, Chico, tighter, do you want to see me fall off with a swinging saddle?"

Fairfax hastened down stairs. The coffee in his bedroom had fully wakened him and he enjoyed more leisurely the picture that had entranced him before the inn some days before. The riding habit certainly became the girl and he reflected that not many women could set off the simple and severe lines of the habit with such grace and advantage.

Fairfax apologized for being late and when he was mounted the trio passed through the great gate and were soon flying over the "campo" at a dangerous pace. The horses were fresh and the heavy dew and cool air of the early morning made them pull at their bits spiritedly and turned the ride into a long race.

Fairfax reined in his horse and watched the Senhorita. He had never seen a girl ride like that before and he was

wrapt in admiration of the firm, natural seat, the free poise and the light hand, which seemed to govern the mount with no more than the weight of a feather cast on one side or the other, when his absorption was broken by a laughing voice saying,

"Why, Senhor, is the pace too hard for you?"

He was soon at her side again and told her that he had been admiring the lightness of her hand. She was surprised when he told her that a northern horse was trained only to the bit.

"It is not so here," said the Baron; "all our horses will wheel from the weight of the rein, if they have been well broken."

And so they chatted and Fairfax rapidly made friends with the Senhorita and did not give much attention to the salting. To be sure he saw hundreds and hundreds of cattle struggling in masses about hundreds of charred hollow logs which served as troughs and were filled with salt. But there was no stampede, no fight to the finish, and Lorraine still remained the first attraction.

Tiring of the noisy scene they turned away and had a long canter back to the Fagenda where they were soon seated at a breakfast which was doubly welcome after the long ride.

"May I pour you a cup of coffee?" said the Senhorita. "Tell me if it is good."

"How could it be otherwise!" said Fairfax, laughing.

The girl raised her eyebrows. "Indeed," she said, "it is very often otherwise. Now, Chicinha, ah, hers is the coffee!"

"I am sure I prefer yours" persisted Fairfax. "Yours with your company."

"That is different," laughed the girl. "Chicinha, you know, is the cook. She is black and not companionable."

The time for Fairfax's return to camp came all too soon for each of the trio, and the Baron would not let him go without promising to return to the Fazenda the next day.

True to his promise and inclination the young engineer visited the Baron not only the next day, but many days thereafter. And so it came about that when the barge with its company of engineers swept down the dark current of the Tibaji, Fairfax was not of them.

It seemed all a dream but the stamping of his pony beneath his window quickly recalled him to the reality and the present. He arose and went out into the glare of the tropical sun. This was the cool of the day! He laughed, but looking at his watch saw that it was already four o'clock. He hurriedly mounted and an hour's ride brought him under the great wood. A moment later the now familiar scene opened before him, with its usual profound quiet. The shrill continuous din of thousands of insects only intensified the silence. The motionless heavy foliage, the heat rising in waves from the parched grass, the dazzling sky, constituted a tropical haze, and as Fairfax rode into it, he seemed to leave the old world of toil and trouble for a sort of dreamland.

The horse stopped as if by habit some distance from the house, by the orange orchard, and Fairfax, when he had tethered him, made his way among the trees, stooping here and there beneath a branch laden with its golden fruit half hidden beneath the grateful shade of the heavy warm leaves.

"For weal or woe," he muttered, as a sprig of fragrant blossoms brushed his cheek. He evidently followed an accustomed path for he did not hesitate but brushed through the trees impatiently. Suddenly he stopped before one of the larger of them and pushing back the low hanging branches, disclosed Lorraine sitting there in all her beauty

with her back against the smooth trunk of the tree. Beside her lay an open book and some choice oranges. She had evidently been dreaming and as Fairfax looked at her he felt that he could no more go away and forget her than he could keep from telling her his love if he stayed.

"I thought I would find you here," he said and asked permission to sit down. "They have gone," he added.

She said nothing for a moment, then raising her dark eyes she looked straight into his face and the rich colour slowly glowed in her cheeks. "And why," she asked, "did you not go with them?"

In a moment the vague passion which he had hardly realized surged through his veins. He spoke, and his voice had a new ring and a strange intensity. "You know why I did not go, Lorraine. I could not go." He leaned toward her and caught her hand. He kissed it passionately and drawing her to him pressed his lips to hers again and again. The sudden torrent of his love overwhelmed him, it carried him out of himself and he was delirious with the first joy of loving. The trembling figure of the girl rested on his arm for a moment and then as if awakening from an elusive dream she shrank away from him and gasped—

"Madonna, what is it that I have done! Oh, it is not true." She began to cry pitifully.

Fairfax pursued her and took her hand. "Lorraine, Lorraine," he said, "I love you. Do you not understand? I love you with all my heart."

"You must go away," she answered. "My father, the Baron, he would kill me if he knew."

"And I am going to tell him, now," said Fairfax. "I shall tell him that having your heart I wish your hand. May I?" he asked in a gay tone trying to bring back a smile to the tearful face.

"It would be true," she answered, "But you do not

know the Baron. Sad has been the life of my father and his trials have made him a man of iron. He would rather kill you than defy his church and his God. Senhor Henrique, you are a Protestant, and even if for love of me you should go so far as to change your faith, his heart and his conscience would make him refuse me to you ;” and the girl sobbed bitterly on her lover’s shoulder.

“He would look deeper than the mere technicality,” she continued, “He would think of my future and he would refuse to throw as a stumbling block before the woman, the influences from which he had so carefully guarded the child. Henrique, you are of one world and I of another. My father will know that the current of a life cannot be changed by the renouncing of a faith. My God, why is it so !”

“We will not think of these things now, Lorraine,” said Fairfax. “Let us love while we may.” He drew her head down on his shoulder and soothed her.

The day was not yet cool and the heat drove them to a shady nook at the river side. What they talked of and what they said was no doubt to the liking of their own bewildered tastes. However, it served too well to pass the time and it was with a start that Lorraine saw the sun drop suddenly beneath the horizon.

“So soon,” she cried, springing up. “It will be dark before I can present myself to my father. Good night, Henrique. I shall always call you so now.” She started toward the house, but Fairfax caught her arm and turned her about.

“Are you going so ?” he asked.

She blushed and laughing, held out her hand for him to kiss. He kissed it but did not stop with that.

“What, Impudence, is not my hand enough ?” she cried and quickly snatching herself away, disappeared among the dark orange trees.

Fairfax walked slowly to where his pony was tethered and mounting him, let him take his own pace home.

The next evening found the lovers again among the orange trees saying good night, but their emotions were far more intense. Lorraine lingered and with one hand on her excited bosom and leaning with the other on her silent lover, she seemed to look with strained eyes toward the unattainable,—the heaven which seemed to open its gates to her but which was but the *mirage* of her hopes.

"I must go," she said at last, noticing the approaching darkness.

"Lorraine," whispered Fairfax, "Lorraine, my love, in the country of the North the twilights are long and soft and kind. Will you not come with me?"

For an instant only the independent strain in her blood predominated then she wavered, and sobbed, "I cannot, I cannot!"

Fairfax walked part of the way to the house with her and then after again vainly pleading, left with a promise to come again the next day.

Thus many evenings came and went and one long afternoon Lorraine told the story of her father's life. "Senhor," she said, "some years have passed since Dom Pedro II was turned from his country to seek solace in a broken heart and much that I tell you is not of my own recollection, but what has been told me many times since my father buried himself in the Fazenda to live out his old age in the home of his youth. For me, the tale has never lost interest in the telling.

"My grandfather was born in Portugal and was of the court of John VI. When the king fled for his life to the Brazilian colonies my grandfather came with him and settled in the new country. In a few years King John returned to his throne in Portugal, but my grandfather remained in the court of his son, Dom Pedro I, who became Regent and

afterward Emperor of Brazil. On the second of December, eighteen-twenty-three, my father was born and two years later, to a day, the country celebrated the birth of the heir-apparent to the throne, he who was to be Dom Pedro II.

"When yet young the boys were thrown much together, and the seeds of a deep and loving friendship were sown. It was my father who first congratulated the boy Emperor on the day of his accession to the throne and who was for the succeeding three years before the Emperor's marriage, his constant companion. In the five years' war with Paraguay, throughout the campaign in which Dom Pedro took part, my father was constantly at his side and witnessed the surrender to the Emperor of the army of 6,000 at Uruguayana. Later he accompanied him in Europe and on his return pursued with him the studies of literature, art and the many other avocations of which the Emperor was so fond. It was during this period of travel that my father met and married my mother who was of France. So it happened that I am not all Brazilian.

"When in 1872 the Emperor freed all slaves of the crown my father was of the first to follow his example. Four years later the Emperor visited your country and from there went again to Europe. From that time on, were troublous times for Dom Pedro and his constant friend. Revolution was in the blood of the people and from being secretly thought of and planned it came to be openly talked of and attempted. During this period of political anxiety my dear mother died and it was with an over-burdened heart that my father went about using all his influence to hold back the tide of rebellion.

"The condition of affairs was unfortunate. There was no heir-apparent to the throne and the daughter of the much beloved old Emperor, by her bigotry and subserviency to the church and by her marriage with the wicked

Count D'Eu, had become so odious to her countrymen that no policy could have secured to her the succession of the throne.

"The attempt of the ministry was not to perpetuate the monarchy, but to preserve it till the death of the old Emperor, who had in so many ways endeared himself to all who came in contact with him and also to the people at large, for their interests had always been the nearest to his heart. Doubtless, Henrique, you know the rest. How those in control of the army becoming impatient or excited at an ill-favoured moment to the Emperor, proclaimed the Republic. The troops who might have defended the crown had been recently dispatched on an objectless errand. There was no resistance possible and with a sad heart the Emperor bade farewell to his faithful ministers. They were few and most of them old men whose lives had been the life of the Emperor, men who had loved him for himself and who would have given their souls to have robbed the cup of humiliation and ingratitude of one drop of its bitterness.

"Many times has my father told me how he turned from them for the last time ; his kindly face sorrowful, his white head bowed upon his breast, his step shaken. Why, Henrique, even I can remember his face when it was genial and happy. And his beautiful white hair ! I remember clutching it once with my baby fingers when he lifted me up to kiss me.

"And so he went away. The country which he had cherished and nurtured from his youth up, in his old age refused to cherish him. Two years later in Paris, the home of exiles, died Dom Pedro II, nearly forty years Emperor of Brazil.

"With the death of his life-long master came death to my father's life. He came and shut himself up here and sometimes when I see him sitting for hours in his great

chair, a flush in his cheek, his eyes intent and flashing, I feel that he is living his life anew, that his pulse is beating as it did long years ago, and my heart yearns for the dear old statesman. He has seen much sorrow. God grant that I bring him no more ! ”

For a moment neither of them spoke, then Fairfax said dreamily, “There is no sadness like the sadness of things that were and are not. Even in youth one takes a bitter sweet pleasure in the melody of remembrance. And I wonder Lorraine, I wonder if when years have come and gone and we, too, are living in the distant past if the bitter or the sweet will predominate. I pray God it be the sweet ! ” He leaped up a frightened look in his eyes. “I must go, Lorraine. I will come again soon.”

He saw her again the next evening and two days later the early morning found him on the familiar trail. There was a strange look in the boy's face. The usually weak mouth was firm and there was an unaccustomed determination in his eyes which, with the excited flush in his cheeks, showed that he was nerving himself for the accomplishment of some desperate purpose. He rode hard and ten o'clock found him at the Fazenda. Lorraine was about to ride and Fairfax said he would accompany her. The girl was pale and avoided his glance. She seemed to feel that there was something impending and as they passed out of the big gate she said, “Well ? ”

For a moment Fairfax answered nothing and then looking straight in front of him he spoke in a low, determined tone. “We are going to the house of the Padre Antonio and there we will be married.”

The pale face of the girl turned paler, and two great tears coursed down her cheeks and dropped gently onto her hand which lay in her lap. She rode on silently. Her head which was wont to be so jauntily poised was bowed, and her lips, made to laugh, were tremulous.

Fairfax noticed all and as they passed the last orange tree reached up and broke off a beautiful sprig of waxen blossoms, still glistening with the dew, that had been sheltered by the heavy cool leaves. He leaned over and wove the wreath in the girl's wealth of hair. She looked up and a sad smile passed over her face. Fairfax leaned over and kissed her on the lips. As he drew back a tremour passed through his frame, there was a dazed look in his eyes and leaning forward he urged his horse into a mad gallop. The girl rode close beside him and in half an hour they came in sight of the low house of the Padre.

A moment later Fairfax leaped from his horse and helped his bride to dismount. He preceded her into a low dark room where sat the priest with two or three attendants. It was clear that everything had been previously arranged and the priest went through the ceremony mechanically without irrelevant questions. Immediately the marriage was accomplished Fairfax turned and with Lorraine leaning heavily on his arm passed out into the glare of the sun. They mounted and turned back on the path they had come.

"And now?" asked Lorraine.

"Now we will go to your father and I will tell him," answered Fairfax.

The long ride in the heat of the day told painfully on the strength of the young girl. She had borne bravely the shock and continued strain on her nerves, but as they went up the steps leading to the front door of the old mansion she almost fainted. She caught at Fairfax's arm and the two passed into the Baron's study together. Fairfax advanced two or three steps ahead of Lorraine and found himself face to face with the Baron. The old man arose and looked uneasily from one to the other, then his eyes fastened on Fairfax. A passing look of determination came into the boy's face.

"Baron," he said, "I have married your daughter."

For a moment there was the awful silence that precedes the bursting of a great storm. The Baron seemed to concentrate all the force of his nature in one piercing gaze. He seemed to look through and through the youth before him when he spoke his voice was ominously low. "*You* have married my daughter!" His clear cut lip curled and scorn and repressed emotion showed itself in every seared line of his face. Then ignoring the presence of the boy he turned to his daughter.

"Lorraine, woman, thy looks betray thee. Thou canst not give the lie. Nay, thou canst not tell that it is false. Would that thy mother had never given thee birth! Would that thou hadst died before the folly of thy womanhood could spurn the mandates of thy God and of thy church."

The low ominous voice had ascended into a passionate outburst and agony was written in the face of the old man. The girl threw herself sobbing at her father's feet. "My father! My father!" she wept, but he paid no heed to her interruption. "Wouldst thou for *this*," he continued, "forego thine inheritance, thy birthright, thy church and thy God? Wouldst thou spurn my love, my daughter? Wouldst thou forego life eternal for Hell and the tortures of a lost soul?"

"No, no. I would not—" groaned the fainting girl. The Baron snatched up a crucifix and held it before her agonized eyes. "Swear," he cried, "swear, woman!"

For an instant, that seemed to Fairfax an eternity, there was the silence of the grave. Then the lips of the girl moved. Almost inaudibly she gasped, "I swear," and fell heavily forward.

The Baron turned to Fairfax. "Go!" he said. "In three months I will send you the mandate of the Pope annulling this so called marriage. Go, and forget that you

have shattered all that remained of happiness to the family of Cordera."

Fairfax rode slowly out of the great gate, passed the orange trees, into the grateful shade of the wood. The silence seemed to fall behind him as a curtain on the past. He had seen precedent and tradition triumph over love and he felt as if he were waking from a dream.

Two days later as his dug-out swung listlessly down the current of the Tibaji past the Fazenda, he looked long and curiously at the rambling old mansion. Then with a deep sigh he turned his back on the love of his youth.

From a dark little window of the old house a young girl watched the course of the little boat on its way to the world. The pallor of death was in her face, her eyes were wide with grief, her hand clutched despairingly her throbbing breast, but the cheek pressed hard against the window-pane was dry.

* * * * *

Years later a young surveyor, John Roland by name, was belated on the plains of Paraná. He struck the river Tibaji and was following the course of the stream when he noticed the approach of a heavy storm. He came to a crumbling *taipa* wall and skirting this around several turns he arrived at an old gate fallen from its hinges and lying amid rank weeds. Its timbers were rotted and broken apart. Roland rode between the gate posts, through a heavy growth of weeds and grass into a disused court upon which, he found, faced an old sombre mansion. Time had bespattered the plastered walls and cracked the once beautiful tiling. Ruin possessed not only the old house, but all that surrounded it. On either side of the weed-grown court old slave houses lay in a mass of ruin. Roland thought the place must be deserted. "O, de casa,"

he shouted, and was about to turn away when the great warped front door rasped on its corroded hinges. An old black wooly head showed itself and a feeble voice bade the stranger come in. As Roland picked his way up the steps an aged darkey hobbled around the corner of the house and led away his horse.

Roland, guided by the old negress who had opened the door for him, passed through a musty hall and was shown to a room where he might refresh himself. The negress left him, but half an hour later returned bearing a tray of food. She told him that when he was through eating her mistress would be glad to receive him.

Not long after he was shown into a little sitting room which was remarkable for the evident taste and culture which had adorned it. He was wondering what manner of woman had made such a recluse of herself when the door swung open and a stately woman stood before him. He did not judge her old, but the bloom of youth had long been stranger to that face.

Her cheeks were wan, her skin almost transparent, her hands wasted; and the majesty of long sorrow pervaded her being. Her hair was woven with threads of gray, and the deep luster of her dark eyes was the only spark in the soft picture, for she was dressed all in white.

Roland rose and bowed low. He felt awed by her presence.

"Be seated, Senhor," she said. "I would ask you a question. You are of America, are you not?"

"Yes, Senhora," he answered.

"I thought so," said the woman, "as I watched you from the window. It is a foolish question I have to ask you, but who knows—who knows," she mused, "you may have known him. There was one Henrique Fairfax whom I knew long ago. Do you know aught of him, Senhor?"

Two feverish crimson spots glowed in either cheek and

and her brilliant eyes were fastened on the man before her. For a moment Roland looked puzzled then his brow cleared. He muttered half to himself, "He *was* a civil engineer once, I do believe."

"What is that?" cried the Senhora, "A civil engineer? Yes, he was a civil engineer."

"Then I think I know whom you mean," said Roland. "He is a prosperous broker in Wall street. He has two very pretty little children."

The Senhora tottered on her feet. The bright colour fled from her cheeks, her eyes seemed to glaze.

"Senhora!" cried Roland, springing forward, "you are ill?"

The woman mastered herself with difficulty. "No, I am not ill. Do not call," she said. "You will have to excuse me, Senhor. I hope you will find everything to your comfort."

As she turned and passed out Roland noticed how plainly was written the pain in her face and he mused long on what had just occurred. Outside the night was wild and the rain fell incessantly. He went early to bed feeling that he was almost in touch with the supernatural.

Early on the following morning loud knocking on his door awakened him. The hoarse voice of the old negress begged him to get up, and a few moments later while he was drinking his coffee, she told him that her mistress could not be found. The two old darkies moaned in their distress and begged the stranger to help them. The search was long and discouraging. Just as they were despairing of success Roland caught sight of a lace handkerchief which was lying in the grass beside a path that led into the ill-kept orange orchard.

"Ah, said the old negro," why did we not think of it sooner. She went there so often!"

Roland hurried along the path. It wound in and out

and finally lost itself beneath the low branches of a scarred old orange tree. He stooped beneath the curtain of boughs and there he found her.

She lay prostrate, her cold face pressed to the sodden mound of a little grave, her frail figure beautifully lined by the faded folds of an old riding habit. A withered sprig of orange blossoms hung by one thorn in her dishevelled hair.

Roland was spell-bound. He raised his eyes to the little marble tombstone and his eyes filled with a strange half-comprehending compassion as he read the inscription. "Here lieth buried the soul of Lorraine, daughter and only child of Miguel de Cordera, Baron."

—*George Agnew Chamberlain.*

AN IMPRESSION.

Over the dew-pearled hills the night
In vesper silence hung ;
And through the dim, uncertain light
We watched the mist that clung
Like curling spray, or, tempest-flung,
In surging billows rolled away,
A spectral sea of silver gray.

And out beyond its farthest sweep,
Out where the mauve, blue shadows lay,
One faint star gleamed along the way
To the marvellous Land of Sleep.

Almost we could hear the mystic song
That welcomes the pilgrim there !
Almost we could see the dreams that throng
Through her golden streets of prayer !
Almost we had won that land where none
Unfettered of Death may fare.

Like some love-dream the mist has paled
From valley and from hill.
Slow, one by one, the stars have veiled
Their faces wan and chill,
And earth and sky but one divine
Reincarnation know;
And yester-eve—thy dream and mine—
Was long, long years ago.

—*Ralph S. Thompson.*

THE APOSTLES.

In 1820, a few undergraduates of St. John's College, Cambridge University, formed a society which has become famous not so much for what it did as for the public life of its members. At first it was called the *Conversazione Society* but when for some unknown reason it changed from the parent college to Trinity College, its members were dubbed in derision "The Apostles" because its active membership was limited to twelve. The members gained the reputation of being genial fellows, rather high-spirited and given to poetry, full of speculation and of enthusiasm for the great literature of the past; but strong advocates of modern schools of thought and opponents of mediaevalism and sentimentalism.

This gathering was not the result of a mere whim but rather the response to a crying need such as Tennyson and Hallam felt when they saw and experienced the unsettled condition of the country and the misery of the poor. Because it seemed so difficult for young men just starting in life, even as it is difficult for undergraduates to-day, to know how to remedy these evils, they sought the help of their fellows; and fearing to lose hold of the Real in seek-

ing the Ideal, they submitted their pet schemes and plans to the keen criticisms of their friends.

These young men were far-sighted enough to perceive that the many sociological discussions would handicap the participants with too large a share of the world's burden in their Race of Life. They spiced their politics with poetry and philosophy, reading their Descartes, Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Bentham; and discussing such topics as the Origin of Evil, the Derivation of Moral Sentiments, Prayer, the Personality of God, or such questions as: Is there any rule of moral action beyond general expediency? Is an intelligible First Cause deducible from the phenomena of the Universe? One evening Tenyson propounded the theory that the development of the human body might possibly be traced from the radiated, vermicular, molluscous and vertebrate organisms. Hallam opened the discussion by asking "Do you mean that the human brain is at first like a madrepore's then like a worm's, etc.; but this cannot be for they have no brain." Another interesting question which they finally decided in the negative was: Have Shelley's poems an immoral tendency? An interesting question, we say, because Shelley found his first English supporters among the Apostles. Two of them, Richard Monckton Milnes and Arthur Hallam, were sent as Cambridge's representatives to defend Shelley in a debate with Oxford as to the superiority of this poet over Byron. These same men printed and published the first edition of *Adonais* that appeared in England.

Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats were also favourites of the Apostles. In particular Coleridge's Metaphysics and Wordsworth's poetry were defended against the Utilitarian teaching by Frederick D. Maurice, who is considered the founder of the spirit of this Society though not of its form. He was the greatest mind of them all, although his thoughts were often too deep to be easily understood.

Arthur Hallam wrote to Gladstone: "The effects which Maurice has produced on the minds of many at Cambridge by the single creation of the Apostles is far greater than I can dare to calculate and will be felt both directly and indirectly in the age that is upon us." Yet Maurice himself writes a few years later: "I go to-day to dine with my old Cambridge friends, i. e. at the Apostles Club; the bonds which connect me with them are very sacred. I owe very much to them, more than one can tell. But I have never rightly used my opportunities and any meeting with them is or should be a reason for fresh humiliation—such good that one might do has been left undone, so many words unspoken and so many spoken too much. Oftentimes I have thought I would hold no more intercourse with them (though I always learn something from them) if I could not be more helpful to them; but I believe it is right to keep up every old tie and to strengthen it if possible; good does come out of it, if we are ever so weak."

Maurice's most intimate friend was John Sterling, the orator and impassioned expositor of thoughts which in his undergraduate days were almost formed for him by Maurice. Sterling was the typical undergraduate of his age "who loathed parties and sects, who revered the great traditions and the great men of past ages, and eagerly sympathized with the misfortunes and disabilities of his fellow-men." But he impressed his contemporaries much more deeply than he has posterity, for a few critical reviews and the founding of the Sterling Club of London, do not in our eyes justify such a genius as Thomas Carlyle in writing the biography of John Sterling.

This friendship of Sterling and Maurice is symbolic of the whole Society. Not only did the members form friendships two-by-two as that of Hallam and Tennyson but as a body they seemed bound closer together than ordinary club men, even than fraternity men. It is remarkable

how much they saw of each other in after life. They always retained their Apostolic bearing towards each other, that of banter and friendly criticism. For within the society there was "no hierarchy of greatness." All are friends. Those who have been contemporaries meet through life as brothers; all, old and young, have a bond of sympathy in fellow membership; all have a common joy and a common interest in the memory of bright days that are gone, of daily rambles and evening meetings, of times when they walked and talked with single-hearted friends in scenes hallowed by many memories and traditions, or by the banks of the Cam or in the lime-treed avenues of Trinity, or even within sound of the great organ of the great chapel of King's, or in the rural quiet of Madingly or Grant Chester, sometimes perhaps

"Yearning for the large excitement which the
Coming years would yield;"

but all, as they stood on the threshold of life, hopeful and happy, gladdened by genial influences which are never forgotten, and sunned by warm friendships of youth which never die.

This bond, however, went deeper than their public life. Each year they met at the annual dinner, and frequently they visited one another. In Tennyson's case the Apostles seem to have been the only persons—with the exception of Aubrey de Vere and Edward Fitzgerald—who were able to break down the barriers of his seclusion; they were only his regular correspondents. In all the letters that passed between the Apostles, you can observe a naturalness, a freedom from the starch of the world, that is so often sadly missed in the published letters of public men.

They were in the habit of dedicating their poems and prose works to each other, for while the Society may have

primarily been formed for conversation, the members soon took to their pens and there resulted a ponderous mass of literature—one Apostle alone contributing forty-eight volumes, which are still considered authoritative in their departments. And while godfathers are more in demand in England than here, it is not without significance that both French and Tennyson asked their brother Apostle, Maurice, to fulfill this important office towards their eldest sons. In fact one is tempted to call it a Society of Mutual Admiration—not to cast any reflections upon it, but appropriating the truth from the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* that all generous companies of artists, authors, philanthropists, men of science, are or ought to be Societies of Mutual Admiration.

On Saturdays they came together for their regular meetings as distinguished from the almost daily gatherings in one or another man's room. Here they drank much coffee and smoked much tobacco. Probably on these occasions Tennyson formed the habit to which his friends attributed the nervousness of his later life, the habit "of smoking the strongest and most stinking tobacco out of a small blackened clay pipe on an average nine hours every day." The Apostle who proposed the subject for discussion generally stood before the mantelpiece and had his say; while Tennyson being an honorary member extraordinary usually sat in front of the fire, smoking and meditating, now and then mingling in the conversation to sum up the issue of the arguments in one short phrase. The rules of the Society provided that each member should read essays in regular succession or give a dinner in default during a certain period, after which he becomes an honorary member. These regulations were not, however, inflexible for when "Tennyson was bored by this"—the essay or the dinner, which?—"the Society was content to receive him, his poetry and his wisdom unfettered." He made at

least one attempt to comply with the rules, preparing a paper on "Ghosts," but the same shyness that prevented him from reading his prize poem *Timbuctoo* in the Cambridge Senate House, denied the Apostles the pleasure of his efforts.

It was at Cambridge that Tennyson met Arthur Hallam and their companionship in this Society became one of the foundations of their immortal friendship. Hallam took a more prominent part in Apostolic transactions than his chum, judging from the complimentary notices of him that are found in the letters of all the Apostles. Tennyson said "He was as near perfection as mortal man could be.

* * * * He could take in the most abstruse ideas with the utmost rapidity and insight, and had a marvellous power of word and thought, and a wide range of knowledge. On one occasion I remember he mastered a difficult book of Descartes at a single sitting." "He really seems to know everything from metaphysics to cookery." But the words of Gladstone give us the most suggestive impression of Hallam: "What can be a nobler tribute than this, that for seventeen years after his death, a poet, fast rising towards the lofty summits of his art, found that young fading image the richest source of his inspiration, and of thoughts that gave him buoyancy for a flight such as he had not heretofore attained."

James Spedding was another Apostle who in the results of his life work richly fulfilled the early promise with which he impressed the friends of his youth, for "no member was more heartily respected and beloved by the many friends within and without the Society. Calm and impassioned he contributed his full share to conversation in a musical voice which never rose above the ordinary pitch." In fact Tennyson calls him "the Pope among us young men—the wisest man I know." His six-volume edition of the *Life and Works of Francis Bacon* is an

unsurpassable model of thorough and scholarlike editing and it was from this work that Carlyle adopted the plan of his history of Oliver Cromwell. "In the power of reasoning, in critical sagacity or in graceful purity of style he was second to none of his contemporaries. Nor had he any superior in conscientious industry. No one has hitherto possessed so complete a knowledge of the subject to which his life was chiefly devoted. It is improbable that future students should throw additional light on the career and character of Bacon." To prosecute this work thoroughly, in 1847, although he had been trained in the Civil Service, he refused the office of the Under Secretary of State, carrying with it a salary of ten thousand dollars. It would be difficult to find another instance in which a man of great ability and of considerable official experience has declined a high position and liberal income for the sake of a laborious and unremunerative literary enterprise.

Of him Fanny Kemble, the great interpreter of the Shakespearian dramas, writes: "Monsieur Jem was the gentle, wise philosopher and the man of letters whose habitual silence was silver, whose seldom speech was gold, whose lifelong labours of love on the character, career, and writings of Bacon, was the most appropriate task that sympathy and competency ever devoted themselves to, and whose intimate knowledge of the text (letter and spirit) of Shakespeare made his intercourse most pleasing and valuable to me." In a letter upon this magnificent effort of his, Spedding struck a clear note of naturalness, simplicity, and truth in criticism that may be profitable to some of us: "I do not encourage my friends to talk to me about my own performances, except where they have objections to make. If you hit, you do not want praise, if you miss, praise won't mend it. The question is whether people who care about the subject but do not care about me, find the book interesting, and the proof of that will be in the reading, even as of the pudding in the eating."

Time fails us to tell of other famous Apostles—of Richard Chenevix Trench whose studies in English philology have been the text books of many colleges and the helpful friends of all scholars; of Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, the editor of the Greek Testament and author of *Queen's English*, whose earliest amusement was to write books, so that at six years old he became the author of *The Travels of St. Paul from his Conversion to His Death*; of John Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, the editor of *Beowulf*, who in play at school accidentally broke the bridge of Thackeray's nose; of Merivale, the Roman historian; of Sir Henry Maine, the author of *Ancient Law, Village Communities* and other treatises of like character.

Nor did the Society lack wit any more than poetry, law and theology. Of W. H. Brookfield, a fellow Apostle wrote: "He was by far the most amusing man I ever met or shall meet. At my age it is not likely that I shall ever again see a whole party lying on the floor for the purposes of unrestrained laughter, while one of their number is pouring forth, with a perfectly grave face, a succession of imaginary dialogues between characters, real and fictitious, one exceeding another in humour and drollery. Then there is the witty Lord Houghton (R. M. Milnes, the social Peacemaker, the dilettante in poetry, art and politics :

" Amid the factions of the Field of life,
The poet held his little neutral ground,
And they who mixt the deepest in his strife
Their evening way to his seclusion found.
Thus, meeting of the antagonists of the day,
Who near in mute suspicion seemed to stand,
He said what neither would be first to say
And having spoken, left them hand in hand."

It was of Lord Houghton that Charles Buller said "I often think how puzzled your Maker must be to account for your conduct."

In later life these two, Buller and Milnes, became

known as rival wits. When their apparent rivalry in wit and conversation was at its height, they often met at their club in the afternoon, and learned as was frequently the case, that they were both to be guests at the same house in the evening. As a joke they would discuss beforehand the topics upon which they were to converse, and occasionally hit upon the "brilliant impromptus" by means of which the seeming rivals were to cap each other's jests.

What Lord Macaulay said in Parliament in 1849 of this same Charles Buller, may be consistently applied to each Apostle in turn, provided the proper alterations are made for the various departments of knowledge represented. "In Parliament I shall look in vain for virtues which I loved and for abilities which I admired. Often in debate, and never more than when we discuss those questions of colonial policy which are every day acquiring a new interest, I shall remember with regret how much eloquence and wit, how much acuteness and knowledge, how many engaging qualities, how many fair hopes, are buried in the grave of poor Charles Buller."

—*James H. Moffatt.*

EDITORIAL.

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

It is unfortunate in one respect that it has been found necessary for a large part of the staff of the University Library to devote so much of their attention to the equipment of the Seminary Rooms. That such a disposition of forces was the best possible there can be little doubt, for it is of importance that the Seminaries begin regular work at once, and their inauguration may to some extent simplify the arrangements of the Library itself. Meanwhile, however, the Library has unquestionably suffered from inattention. The confusion which followed the removal into the new building has been but little diminished, and the facilities for satisfactory work are still far from perfect. The catalogues are incomplete, often in cases where their use is absolutely necessary, and it is especially a source of inconvenience that the Author Catalogue is in this respect no better than the Catalogue of Subjects. The latter may perhaps be considered something of a luxury, but the Catalogue of Authors is so often referred to that its defects are felt by almost every one.

The classification and arrangement of the books themselves is of course a problem much more difficult of solution, and one of which it would be unjust to speak hastily. Additional complications are produced by the plan, excellent as it is, of keeping the most necessary volumes in the Chancellor Green building. There must always be doubt as to the choice made, and it is not likely that it will ever be possible to put out all the books for which there is any but the most occasional demand. It should not be a matter

of great difficulty, however, to arrange more systematically the books in the various alcoves. The alphabetical arrangement, which seems to have been attempted, is of course the only feasible one, but unless fully carried out it is of little avail, and as it now stands is the source of great perplexity.

Of the stacks the student body has less right to complain. Those who are regularly admitted to them are the recipients of a favour, and should perhaps be content to accept the circumstances. It is at least to be expected, however, that the dispositions should be such as to make it possible for the Library staff to find any volumes that may be called for, and to do so without unreasonable delay. In many cases during the present year a considerable search has failed of any result, and the temporary difficulty has become too frequent not to occasion comment. It is, to be made sure, only a matter of time, before such changes shall be as to minimize these and other inconveniences, but meanwhile they are severely felt, and anything that can be done to hasten re-arrangement will be very greatly appreciated.

GOSSIP.

Amendment
Were convenient

• • •
After better I hope ever
For worse was it never.

—*The Manner of the World Now-a-Days.*

From such a female frenzy
Good Lord deliver us.

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

An editorial in a recent number of the *Vassar Miscellany* upon the intellectual development and advance of the present generation was prefaced by the following paragraph: "It is a fact greatly to be regretted but nevertheless true that the reading public of to-day has in a great measure outgrown the novelists of the earlier part of the century. Dickens is becoming a name of the past; the readers of Thackeray are surprisingly few and far between; and outside of that part of his work required as English reading in the preparatory schools, Sir Walter Scott is little known save by hearsay, and then as a prosy writer of long descriptions and conversations." Well!—one scarce knows whether to laugh or to cry or to toss his hat into the air and give three cheers for the higher education of woman! There is nothing to say in answer to a paragraph like that, out of her own lips is the writer condemned. But if the editor who is responsible for these astonishing statements were to read Harold Frederick's article "On Historical Novels Past and Present" in the December *Bookman*, she might perhaps learn something that would do her much good and prevent for the future all possibility of her placing herself another time in such an unfortunate position as that in which she now stands by reason of this very unhappy and indiscreet editorial.

The sad thing about this affair is, however, Gossip fears, that it very nearly expresses the attitude of the greater part of the young women of our times, and indeed may be taken as an example of the difference existing in this as well as in most other points between the girl of the present day and the girl of say fifty years ago. For it is a melancholy fact, but none

the less the truth, that the average young woman has very greatly degenerated in the last half century. Surely no one can read or hear of the girl of the past generation without finding himself compelled, however reluctantly, to admit that she of the present is greatly inferior to her predecessor. And the strange thing about it is that those very changes by which she thinks she has most clearly demonstrated her advance and superiority over the girls of her Mother's and Grandmother's day are the points which have caused her deterioration and inferiority. Her athletics, her colleges, her greater freedom, her clubs, her increased worldly wisdom, in a word her EMANCIPATION, are the very things which are responsible for her degeneration. It is possible that each one of these items may be good in itself, and considered theoretically might seem an advantageous privilege for a girl to enjoy, though Gossip hopes one may be allowed a doubt even there, yet however that may be, there can be no question as to the influence which, combined, they have exerted upon the girls who have been brought up after this modern fashion. It has not been refining. Nay, to speak plainly it has been distinctly coarsening. The "artless blush and modest air" are gone. Our young society woman finds them no necessary part of her equipment. They are but incumbrances. So likewise with

"—That gentle turn of mind
—That gracefulness of air, in you
By Nature's hand designed."

Perhaps it is better for girls to be independent, and to ride bicycles and to travel alone and to go to college and pick up a smattering of learning and talk wisely of psychology and socialism and the Malthusian theory together with many other things of which it were better that they did not know,—perhaps it is for their good and perhaps it is for the good of the race and perhaps our next generation will show the results and be prodigies of strength and wisdom—perhaps,—and mind you Gossip doesn't deny it, yet an humble member of the other sex who cares more for the present generation than for the generations that are to come, and who has a sort of love for old things and old ways just for their oldness' sake may be pardoned if he turns away not in anger but rather sorrowfully from the artificial and aggressive type of the young female of his day and thinks, it may be somewhat longingly, of the gentle old-fashioned women who dwell in the memories of the old men he knows and in the pages of the old books he loves to read. They were brought up "in every old fashioned delicacy of thought and speech and in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Theirs were the "smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts and calm desires" of which the poet sang, theirs too "sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign the summer calm of golden charity." They were "trained in Nature's school."

Did you ever observe the dedication in Henry Van Dyke's *Little Rivers*? It reads thus,

TO
A YOUNG WOMAN
OF AN OLD FASHION
WHO LOVES ART
NOT FOR ITS OWN SAKE
BUT BECAUSE IT ENNOBLES LIFE
WHO READS POETRY
NOT TO KILL TIME
BUT TO FILL IT WITH BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS
AND WHO STILL BELIEVES
IN GOD AND DUTY AND IMMORTAL LOVE
I DEDICATE
THIS BOOK.

A beautiful fancy, is it not? Would that such an one existed in the flesh. She is to be found often enough in verse. You may find her in Byron's "She walks in beauty," or perhaps better still in Wordsworth's "She was a phantom of delight" or his "Highland Girl," or in Lamb's "Hester," or William Habington's "Description of Castara" or in Shakspere's "Sylvia," or, best of all, you will find her after she has grown older by several years in the wonderful last chapter of *Proverbs*. Read what Thomas Nelson Page has to say of Aunt Thomasia in the introduction to *Red Rock* and you will get some still further notion of her.

Thackeray once wrote in a letter to Mrs. Brookfield "I am afraid I don't respect your sex enough,—yes I do when they are occupied with loving and sentiment rather than with other business of life." He has struck the keynote of the whole matter. There are plenty of male shoulders ready and willing to take up the burdens of life and bear the brunt of the battle and shield women from the soil of contact with the world. And in this last matter they expect the women to help by at least not trying to receive that contact. For after all what a man loves a woman for is her womanliness. She who has lost this has lost her dearest treasure, and lose it she surely will who concerns herself with the

world and the things of the world unduly. But when you come right down to it, you know its rather a presumption for these women to wish to do things they are not told to do. We have it on excellent authority that they are greatly our inferiors and should be docile and obedient. It was a Poet Laureate of England who said

"Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions match'd with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

And it is an uncrowned laureate who has remarked in sublime contempt "A woman is only a woman." And last and best, if anything further is needed, these are the words of the greatest English novelist of all times, (the italics are my own,) after all "These women were made for our comfort and delectation, gentlemen, *with all the rest of the minor animals.*"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LOVE MOODS.

She lay upon the grass. The envious air,
With wealth of gathered perfume, kissed her throat,
A million splintered opals in her hair
Lingered in dreams of colour, fain to float
In iridescent halos. Soft, above
Deepening the silence to eternal bliss,
Some dragon-fly in monotonous of love
Wooded the dun poppy in a ling'ring kiss.
She lay upon the grass. And all the peace
Of Heaven, the significance of Life
Were in those eyes that, in the soft increase
Of Love, surrendered without dream of strife.—

I kissed the hair—there, where the opals slept,—
“Surely the god that chiselled thee had wept!”

—Jarvis Keiley, in *Harvard Monthly*.

A WINTER FANTASY.

Cicely, Cicely,
Tripping through the snow;
Blitheful, mirthful,
Laughing as you go.
Greatest thou the fairy flakes,—
Hands outstretched to all;
Heedless crushing 'neath thy feet
Those that thither fall.

Cicely, Cicely,
Fancy-free and gay;
Heartless, careless,
Casting loves away
As thou casteth by the flakes,
Fickle maid! But lo!
E'en my heart, beneath thy touch,
Melteth as the snow.
—K. Banning, in *Dartmouth Literary Monthly*.

DUSK.

The maid sits by the spinning wheel,
With head bowed low in dreaming ;
And looks not where the shadows steal
Or dusk's lone star is gleaming.

The tremulous wheel stirs into rest,—
Clasped lightly are her fingers,
And only in her swelling breast
A pulse of movement lingers.

Through casement dim a faint wind drifts,
Since morn asleep 'mid roses ;
The yellow hair it lightly lifts
That on her cheek reposes.

A bird is singing far away,
Beyond the upland meadows,
One late clear song across the gray
And drowsy world of shadows.

Ah ! vain the wind of twilight stirs,
Sings thrush from distant cover :
She hears not them, but moaning firs
That darken o'er her lover.

And all unwatched the shadows steal,
So fast her tears are gleaming,—
Dear maid beside the spinning-wheel,
With head bowed low in dreaming.

—B. F. G., in *Harvard Advocate*.

BOOK TALK.

Itaque cum legere non possis quantum habueris, satis est habere quantum legas.
—Seneca.

The Rogue's Comedy. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The reading of almost any good comedy will suggest to us the question what, after all, is Comedy? The question has been asked many times and many different answers have been given, containing more or less truth, but no one has yet succeeded in making a really instructive definition which fits every comedy and excludes none. We all have a general idea that "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" is a typical comedy and "*Macbeth*" a typical tragedy, but are puzzled when we seek for the essential quality that differentiates the two classes of drama of which these are types. We see that the principle which animates both tragedy and comedy is really the same. Incongruity of one kind or another is at the bottom of every tragedy and comedy. This incongruity underlies the humour of Falstaff and the tragic downfall of Hamlet. The element of incongruity is of a different sort in the two species of drama and it has different consequences but in both is essentially the same thing, a lack of correspondence between a character and his environment. It is this almost identity of essence that makes it so difficult at times to distinguish the two, to decide, for example, in which class we shall rank "*The Merchant of Venice*." The difference is not so much one of kind as of method. Many situations involving an element of incongruity may be treated either in the spirit of comedy or in the spirit of tragedy, according to the personality or the choice of the dramatist. "*Oedipus Tyrannus*" even, which is as purely tragic as the drama can be, might with different treatment have become a capital comedy. Indeed the idea of "*The Rogues Comedy*" resembles that of "*Oedipus Tyrannus*" enough to show us what the latter might have become had it been treated according to the method of comedy. George Lambert, a rising young barrister, is the son of Bailey Prothero and his wife, who figures in the play as Miss Jennison, but does not know that they are his parents. Both have had a disreputable and dishonest past but their son was adopted at an early age by an aunt on condition that his parents should never make themselves known to him. At the opening of the

play Mr. Bailey Prothero, has gained great notoriety for his skill in second-sight. Lambert suspects that Prothero is an impostor and meeting him at a dinner, repels all his father's efforts to conciliate him and resolves to hunt him down and expose him. His motive for doing this is that he may clear up the mystery of his parentage in order to marry Lady Clarabut's daughter. Believing that Prothero knows what he wants to find out, Lambert traces back his past in order to be able to wring the secret from him. Prothero, meanwhile, has for a time nothing but good luck. He has wonderful success in speculations and organises companies to which peers lend their names, for a consideration. But after a year the inevitable crash comes; the worthlessness of Prothero's schemes is made known and "The Rogue" finds himself almost penniless. His son meanwhile has gained the evidence necessary and threatens Prothero with prosecution if he will not tell, in the presence of Lady Clarabut, what he knows of his parents. Prothero is at first confused and seems about to reveal the truth but after an effort tells Lambert that his parents were poor but dishonest, that they died many years before and that no traces of them remain which could ever disgrace his name. This is enough to satisfy Lady Clarabut, she gives her consent to the marriage and Lambert's parents sail the same night for America. This bare outline of the plot shows that it might have been treated in a way which would have made the outcome of the action highly tragic. The motive of the play, the son unknowingly persecuting and bringing misfortune upon his parents, except that it lacks necessarily certain purely Greek elements is very like the motive of Oedipus Tyrannus. The elements of tragedy, a blindness which urges Lambert on to expose his parents, and the possible revelation of a past which would disgrace him, are present in germ and out of them might have been developed a real tragedy. But Mr. Jones has chosen to treat the story according to the method of comedy and the result is a play which could not be called in any way tragic. There is an element of pathos, it is true, but the author has not dwelt on it, indicating it only by a few firm strokes which a good actor could make extremely effective. Instead the emphasis has been so laid on the humorous aspect of the matter that we forget its more serious side. Some of the humour is of a conventional type with little originality but not all. The character of Lady Clarabut, the shrewd, kindly woman of the world, is excellently done and so are the Marquess of Bicester and Miss Proye. They seem really to be drawn from life and we do not have to see the play in order to feel their individuality. Prothero, too is neither the motionless villain who acts according to the demands of the plot nor a conventional fairly lifelike intriguer in love with his own cleverness. But the play is by no means one of Mr. Jones' best plays, the ending being weak, dissatisfying and hardly consistent with the rest of the play. Its merits are negative rather than positive and it is lacking in the strength which "The Bauble Shop" and some of his other plays have.

Wild Eelin. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

To the lover of the sea, after many months passed in the close and depressing atmosphere of the crowded dirty city, it is a pleasant thing once more to get back to the water and breathe the fresh clean air and to feel the sting of the salt breeze against his face. So to the lover of fiction is it a pleasant thing to turn aside from the novels of to-day and to pick up a story by William Black. Black (whatever you may say of the literary qualities of his work and they are not great) himself was a man big and healthy of body and soul and with a clean and tender heart, and his books are big and healthy, like him, and clean and tender. He loved to be out-of-doors and enjoying the freshness and beauty of the open air. It shows, it had to show, in all his writings, and it is just this quality in his books that makes them what they are to his readers. Without it they would be as nothing but with it they are become a pleasure and a help to a great multitude of people in many lands, and a means of making friends for him throughout the world. It must have been a great satisfaction to Black to know what a friendly regard his writings won for him wheresoever they may have journeyed. He had a very warm feeling for his fellow creatures and an ever ready sympathy for them in trouble and the thought must have been peculiarly gratifying to him that he had perhaps helped here and there to lighten a dreary hour or two for some poor sufferer, or to cheer some other in distress and make him, if only for a moment, forget his trouble. He was one of "the people who make life happier" not "by simply a chance phrase or word" but by writing clean, wholesome, cheerful books which go far toward raising the clouds of sorrow and doubt that settle down over the lives of so many. He puts these words into the mouth of Somerled Macdonald, "the literary gift is an extraordinary thing. A man speaks with one voice, but millions upon millions listen to him. And then the friends he makes, everywhere. And the social passport, if he cares for that. It is better than being crowned. I suppose that the author who is widely read and admired knows within himself that he could sail into Hobart Town, or land in a Chicago railway station, or steam up the Gulf of California, with the certainty of finding a generous and hearty welcome wherever he went. It is a wonderful gift. The owner of it is to be envied." That gift was possessed by William Black.

Well, it will hardly do to find fault after all that. But readers of Black who know him through "A Daughter of Heth" and "A Princess of Thule" will be disappointed in "Wild Eelin." As a literary production it is far from perfect. The style is often laboured and the incidents frequently dragged in, so to say, by the hair of their heads. The author seems to have taken advantage of this book to express many of his personal views on different subjects. Now this would be very pleasing and satisfactory to the reader but for the unfortunate fact that he has confined the most of his expressions of opinion to the one subject

of Scotch poets and Scotch poetry, which latter he sprinkles with an exasperatingly liberal hand throughout his pages. And such poor stuff as it is. Of course there is a great deal of very good Scotch verse, as any one will agree who has read Mary Carlyle Aitken's selections in the "Golden Treasury" series. But the songs that Black has chosen to quote and praise in "Wild Eelin" are the most unmusical and unmeaning pieces that could well be found. One example may be permitted:

"Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
A hempen rein and a horse o' tree,
A psalm-book and a presbyter."

Now what Highland Whitman could have perpetrated that?

But the particular note in the book that is really inartistic and bad is struck in the first chapter. The stupid account of the disgusting scenes at the Kinvaig House in Glengarva not only is totally unnecessary to the action of the story but in itself has nothing that makes it worth the reading. It makes the author seem like some naughty little boy who wants to show just how bad he really can be and how much he knows about the wicked, wicked world. It is very unfortunate that Black has inserted this chapter in his book. It puts him into such an altogether false light, and in a position to be sadly misjudged by any one who does not know him for what he truly is. It is a satisfaction to say that the rest of the book is entirely free from all trace of this evil that spoils the first few pages, and indeed I know of no other place in all his writings where it again occurs.

Of the story itself there is much of good that may be said. It is natural and straightforward and after the startling engagement of "Wild Eelin" to Gilchrist it assumes an interest that is really absorbing. The character of Lord Mountmahon is overdrawn. Those of Somerled Macdonald, Archie Gilchrist, the Bean-an-Tighearn, and Dr. Gillispie, especially the last, are all good. "Wild Eelin" herself if not perhaps quite so charming as she was meant to be is yet a very "fetching" heroine. The beauty of the book is after all in its refreshing, wholesome Highland flavour. There is the "cry of the sea" in it, and the "smell of sea-weed" and the wind from Ben Clebrig and Loch Lomond. The book is like a breath from the Highlands and the heather. Indeed at times it is almost a blow.

There is a very solemn and beautiful description in the chapter "By Mudal Water," of the family worship of the little group in the Inn at Allt-na-Traive. I wish in closing to quote the last few lines, not because they have any especial bearing on the story, but because they show what Black could do when he was at his best. The little room is almost filled. Somerled Macdonald and his Father are there, and "Wild Eelin" with her Mother; and the servant lass and old Angus the water bailiff. The

portion from the Bible has been read and the solemn words of the hundred and twenty-first Psalm have been sung. "They had no organ, nor any trained band of choristers, nor the pageantry of viol and drum; but the simple little service was effective enough—in the small, isolated, yellow-lighted chamber set among the encompassing majesty of the mountains and the darkness and the stars. And then with mutual good wishes they parted and went their several ways."

Heroes of the Nations—Saladin. By Stanley Lane-Poole. New York: S. P. Putnam's Sons.

In all the dreary period of mediaeval history there is nothing more interesting than the story of the kingdom of Jerusalem—that attempt at oriental conquests when the two master passions of the age, religious fanaticism and thirst for adventure, so completely mingled. From the time of Godfrey to the end, the history of the Crusades reads like a romance, but the most interesting period of all is that which saw the downfall of the Latin kingdom. Sir Walter Scott has made Saladin and Richard familiar to all lovers of fiction and not even on the Scottish border did the great novelist find more congenial ground. It is an old acquaintance then whose life Mr. Lane-Poole has written for us and he has done full justice to the fascination of the subject. It must be confessed that it is disappointing to learn that the great Sultan never met Coeur de Lion face to face but elsewhere history is kind enough to confirm our ideals. The interesting chapters are well written and the careers of Zengy and Nureddin make that of Saladin more intelligible. The incongruities of his life add to the interest. The great leader of the Turks was himself a Kurd; the soldier and statesman who conquered Jerusalem and baffled the irresistible chivalry of Europe was in his youth averse to public affairs and cared only for studious leisure. He had to be fairly forced to go on the Egyptian expedition which marked the beginning of his fortunes. The death of his uncle, the stout old soldier Shirkuh, left him vizier of the country,—no easy post. He had to keep in check his nominal ruler the Caliph and soothe the suspicions of his real ruler, Nureddin of Syria, a younger son of the great Zengy. He also had to meet the hostility of the Christian powers in the Mediterranean and revolt after revolt of the negroes in the Soudan. Most of these difficulties were well met during the five years of his rule but his relations with his king became strained and only the opportune death of Nureddin in 1174 saved his over-powerful vassal. Almost at the same time Amalric of Jerusalem died and thus both of the neighbouring states passed under the rule of children. Saladin was at first disposed to remain obedient to the house of Zengy, but the advisers of the young king at Damascus soon forced him into a hostile position. Step by step Saladin mastered

Syria. The elder branch of the Zengids sent aid to their kinsman, but in vain. The conqueror pressed on to the Euphrates and forced their submission also. In the course of this war he was nearly murdered by members of the secret sect of Assassins and now that he had subdued his rivals he turned his attention to their chastisement. The details of this expedition are doubtful. What we know for certain is that it failed and Saladin found it expedient to make peace on equal terms. Free now from Moslem opposition he embarked in the Holy War. In a single campaign he crushed the army of the Franks and took Jerusalem. Two years more and only Tyre remained to the Christians until their last army, besieging the fortress of Acre, was itself hemmed in by the Sultan's levies. Complete success seemed assured when the Crusaders arrived. The struggle which ensued was well-contested. Saladin's veterans could match the chivalry of France and England and in Coeur de Lion he found his match as a general, but disease and discord finally turned the scale against the invaders. Acre indeed was taken and the Franks marched southward along the coast. The best army Saladin ever led was overthrown at Arsuf and Jaffa was lost. Richard, who was far more than the mere knight-errant usually supposed, would have succeeded in regaining Jerusalem itself had his command of the army been complete. International jealousy and quarrels thwarted all his efforts however. Saladin still kept the field with a formidable force and though he was again defeated at Jaffa it was the last battle of the war. The crusading army was steadily dwindling and the condition of England under the regency of John forced Richard to return. The Franks kept this conquest along the coast but Jerusalem was left to the Turks. Christendom had done its best but failed.

Saladin did not long survive his triumph. The Peace of Ramla was signed in September, 1192, and in the following March the great Mohammedan leader met an end not unfitting his career. Despite the fact that his health had long been giving way he rode out, in the midst of the rainy season, to meet the pilgrims returning from Mecca. The exposure brought on an attack of fever from which he died a few days later in his Capital of Damascus. He left no successor of equal genius, but his work had been thoroughly done and no Christian army ever again menaced Jerusalem.

Dream Days. by Kenneth Grahame. New York and London: John Lane: The Bodley Head.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Grahame in this second series of stories could equal his previous volume, "The Golden Age." That was perfect in its way, for Mr. Grahame put into it presumably the best that he could give us and it is not altogether his fault when the enthusiastic

readers of the earlier stories insist on having more of them, that the second volume is inferior to its prototype. This is more evident when we compare the two books collectively than when we compare single stories. Those in the later volume are of unequal merit, several being as good as almost any in the earlier volume while others fall considerably below that standard. Taking "Dream Days" as a whole they lack the variety that enlivens "The Golden Age." The wonderful treatment of nature which is so great an element of charm in the latter book appears to a very slight degree in "Dream Days." The attitude which Mr. Grahame makes us assume toward Nature is of course not unique but is original. He makes us feel that we are closely akin to her and that she is indeed our Mother. When, for example, in "The Golden Age" we read "A Holiday," we feel ourselves to be part of the Autumn scene, with its rollicking wind and whirling leaves. We strip from us the pleasant delusion that man is the lord of the earth and created to dominate Nature. Instead we feel that she is our mistress, ruling us as she rules the beasts and trees and stones. A wild life seems after all to be the life for us and not the life of civilisation. This note of revolt from convention is even more prominent in "Pagan Papers" than in "The Golden Age" but it has almost entirely disappeared in "Dream Days" and with it has been lost a great element of charm. The humour which pervades all of Mr. Grahame's work appears also in "Dream Days" but not so prominently as in some of his other books. Humour is the very life of "The Golden Age," pervading it in every part. This is true to a smaller degree of "Dream Days" but it is confined to a few of the stories and in the others is not so apparent. "Mutabile Semper," the story of the girl who in the morning is so friendly to the little boy but will not even look at him when he comes to see her in the afternoon, is full of the comic spirit which Mr. Grahame possesses. "A Saga of the Seas" too, which appeared last summer in *Scribner's*, brims over with it but in the other stories it is lacking. The story of "The Reluctant Dragon" seems drawn out and is a trifle tiresome at times. But while Mr. Grahame's humour constitutes a great part of the charm which the stories have for us it is not all. What makes the stories in "The Golden Age" and in "Dream Days" different from other stories is their interpretation of the life of children. Few men are endowed with this rare sympathy and understanding. William Blake had it, Wordsworth had it to a certain extent and Stevenson had a great deal of it, but it would be hard to find many others. Mr. Grahame resembles Steven-
bles more than any of the others in answering the desire of Alfred de Musset, "*puissions-nous retrouver l'enfant dans le cœur de l'homme.*" The life led by the children in his books is what we have all in some sort shared, in less ideal circumstances, endowed less bountifully with the imagination with which the child fashions out of common stuff an ideal world; it is in essence the life of all children. These books are

in the highest sense of the word true. They are true not only to the facts of experience as we know them, but they have the ideal truth which the great work of art must have. The actors in this world of play, Edward and Harold and the rest, are in the main only average children with unlimited powers of make believe, allowed to run wild without much interference from the "Olympians" as they called them. Mr. Grahame does not spoil them by looking at them sentimentally or by making them better than they really are but tells their story as it really was. It is a story eminently worth the telling and delightful to all sound-minded persons. As we have said, in "Dream Days" it is not always told as well as in "The Golden Age" but in two stories at least, "The Magic Ring" and "A Saga of the Seas" Mr. Grahame is at his best. These two stories alone would distinguish the book if it had not had "The Golden Age" for its predecessor, and as it is we are thankful for having them along with "The Roman Road," "A Harvesting," "The Finding of the Princess" and "A Holiday" in the former volume, to name as their author's most perfect work.

Aylwin. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

To those who have read that delightful combination of keen, brilliant, analytic wit, and forceful style—the "Athenaeum"—the name and work of Mr. Watts-Dunton is known and appreciated, as it is also to the quantitatively insignificant number and qualitatively extraordinarily choice spirits who have delighted to read that Monument of Omniscience vulgarly termed the Encyclopaedia Britannica, at which all other men look with boundless awe and consider how fine a thing it would be to know something of the Theory of Poesy. But the encyclopaedia has a grave fault; once a man (*sic fama*) wanted to read about Jupiter, and after taking a volume to his favourite nook and lighting a pipe, had his thirst for knowledge suddenly quenched by being respectfully referred to the "Planetary System." And the only reason why Mr. Watts-Dunton has not come into conspicuous notice in the world of literature is by reason of the extreme scatteredness of his work; the screaming applause of the nations is not usually gained as the result of a vigorous search for something "good to read;" people wait until the little roast pigs run conveniently near. "The Coming of Love" appeared a year ago; the verse was excellent; and did some of the verses foreshadow the publishing of "Aylwin?" One can invariably see a prophecy after its fulfillment. But the new book is in reality an old one, covered with the dust of twenty years; why did we not see it sooner? A few years ago "Punch" and the "Saturday Review" would nearly, if not altogether have broken the ordinances by their wild and reckless but always charming shooting. But for us the book differs by half the heaven from the volume which the prophet ate; it has left no trace of an unpleasant after-effect. To

be sure, "Aylwin" is not perfect; it is somewhat disconnected, and the denouement comes once or twice dangerously near the melodramatic; and again we are far more fascinated by that superb Romany girl Sinfi Lovell than by Henry Aylwin himself. But the charm of it all lies in the overwhelming love which Aylwin feels for Winifred: the search for her when lost, crazed,—the consummation,—the story of these is full of red blood. Mr. Ruskin has somewhere said that "the ennobling difference between one man and another is precisely this, that one man feels more than another," and we have before us an ennobling book; it makes one feel the tenderness and the grandeur of the love which it portrays—feel it intensely, with great force and power. The book cannot be labelled nor classified; it is completely *sui generis*, not even like the Romany literature which has hitherto appeared; and if one will read "Aylwin" even hastily he will be profoundly thankful to Thackeray's land for giving the world a volume which is somewhat—we will not say to what extent—better even than the remarkable and characteristically ultra-violet works of the Litterateur-warrior.